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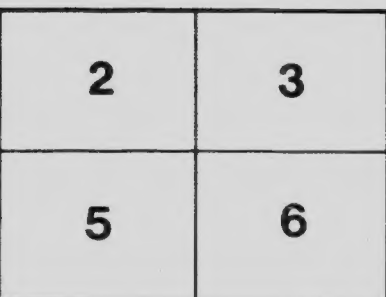
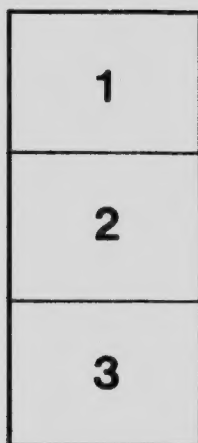
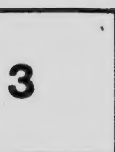
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Pamph.
Relig.
Hymnol.
W.

"Feed My Lambs." "Out of the mouths
of babes and sucklings Thou
hast perfected praise."

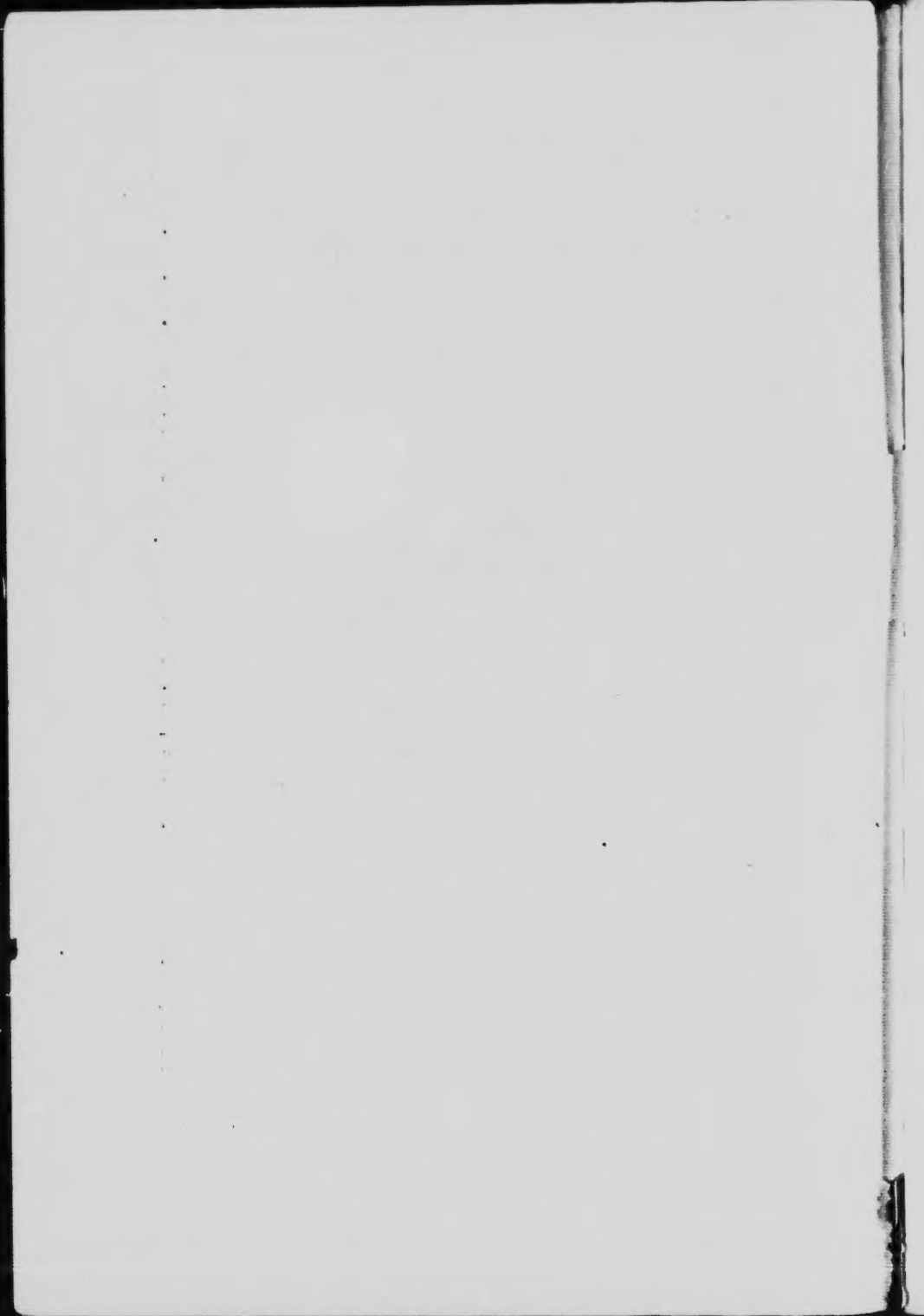
Souvenir to King Edward the Seventh,
A.D. 1902.

Watts'
Divine & Moral
Songs.

AND HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Published by
INTERNATIONAL COLPORTAGE MISSION,
202 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.
and Rochester, N.Y.

Hill Printing Co., 48 Richmond St. W., Toronto.



FIRST EDITION OF HYMNS.

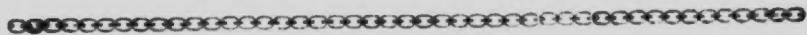
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WATTS' DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS.

TORONTO, CANADA, 1902.

"FEED MY LAMBS." John 21: 15.

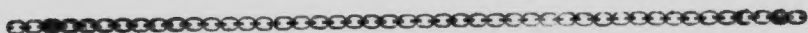


A SOUVENIR

TO HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH,

Commemorating the year of his ascension to the
throne of Great Britain.

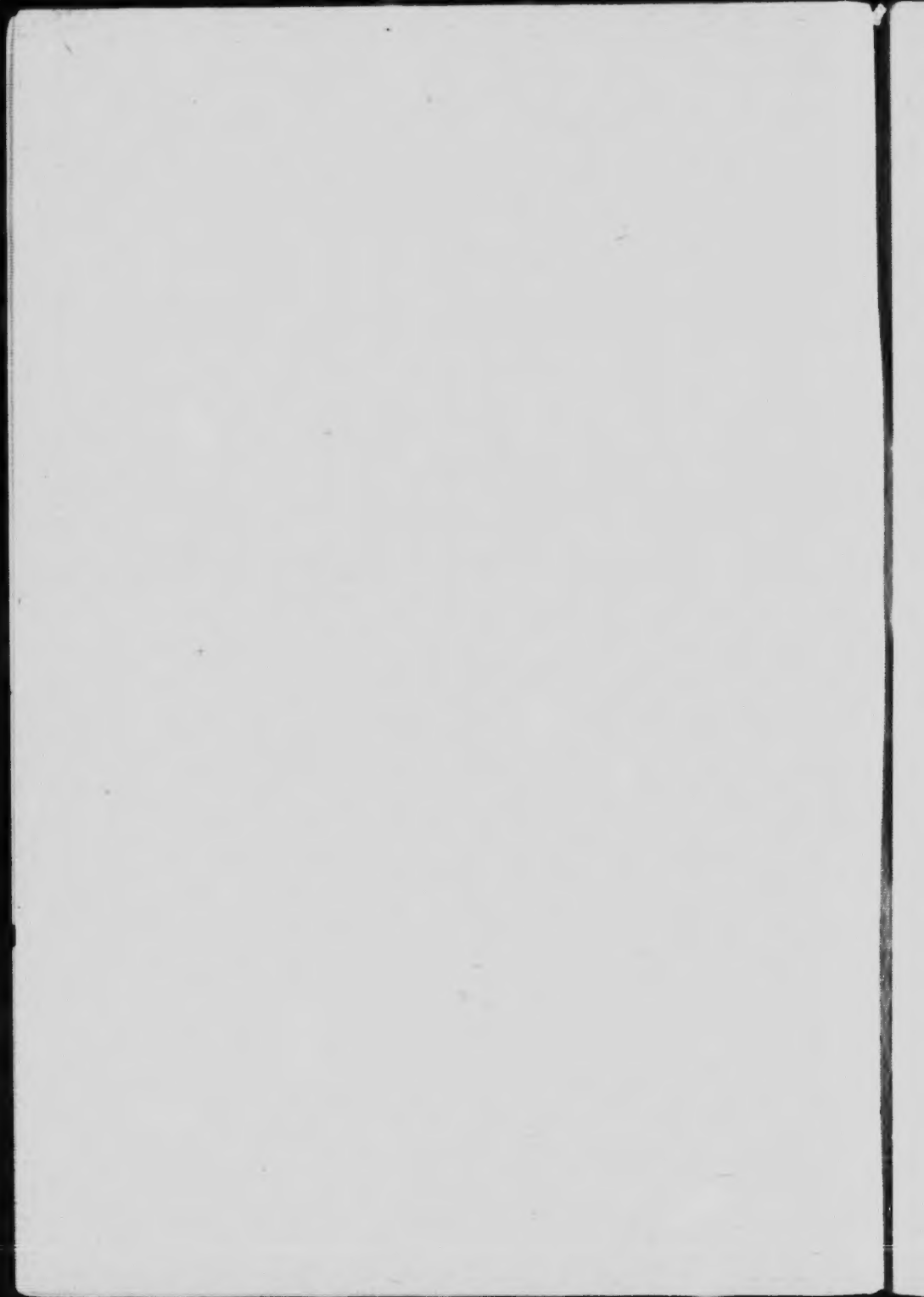
Wishing His Majesty much grace, mercy and
peace, through the knowledge of our only
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.



Published by International Colportage Mission of
Algoma and the North-West.

Toronto Depot, - - 202 King Street East.

GEORGE BUSKIN, Agent of Mission.



WATTS' DIVINE SONGS.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty ?

2 How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will ;
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring ;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear the mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 1 I SING th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
That built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eyes ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the skies !
- 5 There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glory known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.
- 7 In heav'n he shines with beams of love
With wrath in hell beneath ;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye :
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

8 PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION.

- 1 BLEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in council to restore
And save our ruin'd race.
- 2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood ;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.
- 4 He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold him rising from the grave !
Behold him raised on high !
He pleads his merits there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne he reigns
And, by his pow'r divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sov'reign voice,
Shall call, and break up ev'ry tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

8 O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the bless'd assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace!

4 PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND
TEMPORAL.

1 WHENEVER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see !
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me ?

2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath giv'n me more ;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3 How many children, in the street,
Half naked I behold !
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal ;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

- 6 Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

5 PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN A
CHRISTIAN LAND.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong ;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

- 2 'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground ;
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow.
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold ;
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than east or western Indies hold.

- 4 How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns !
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

- 5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me t' escape eternal fire.

- 6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast marked my way to heav'n,
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

WATTS' DIVINE SONGS.

6

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

- 1 LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.
- 2 What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have giv'n,
Could they have heard those glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heaven
- 3 How glad the heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the Book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known !
- 4 Then, if this gospel refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes ?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

- 1 GREAT God with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy Book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction giv'n ;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heav'n.
- 3 The hills provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies,
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been ;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell ;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

8 PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING TO READ.

1 THE praise of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learn'd so young
To read his holy word.

2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in ;
By nature, and by practice too
A wretched slave to sin.

3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well ;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell ?

- 4 Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

- 5 Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern ;
Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down,
To show the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

- 7 O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

- 8 Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learn'd in vain.

9

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night ;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against thy judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there ;
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?

4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie ;
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt ;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6 O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought ;
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

10 SOLEMN THOUGHTS ON GOD AND DEATH.

1 THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas ;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law, which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do ;—
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

3 There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw ;
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor can I tell how soon 'twill come ;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are call'd by death to meet their doom.
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled ;
There's no repentance in the grave,
No pardon offer'd to the dead.
- 6 Just as a tree cut down, that fell,
To north or southward, there it lies ;
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fixed in the state wherein he dies.

11

HEAVEN AND HELL.

- 1 THERE is beyond the sky
A heav'n of joy and love ;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.
- 2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains ;
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.
- 3 Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end ?
And may I hope, when'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend ?
- 4 Then I for grace will pray,
While I have life and breath ;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.

12 THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

- 1 HAPPY the child whose youngest years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes :
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our fol'wing years,
And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back, and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath ;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

13 THE DANGER OF DELAY.

- 1 WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
To seek for heav'n, or think of death" ?
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heav'n,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n.
- 3 What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day?
- 4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace ;
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place ?
- 5 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God !
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell.
One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.
- 6 Then 'twill 'till ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace ;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

- 1 WHAT bless'd examples do I find,
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth !
- 2 Jesus who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

- 3 At twelve years old he talked with men
(The Jews all wond'ring stand);
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.
- 4 Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And bless'd their Saviour's name;
They gave him honor with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.
- 5 Samuel, the child, was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.
- 6 Then why should I so long delay
What others learn'd so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

15

AGAINST LYING.

- 1 OH, 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way—
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say!
- 3 But liars we can never trust,
Tho' they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, make it two.
- 3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue.

- 4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in and grew so bold
As to confirm the wicked lie
That, just before, her husband told.
- 5 The Lord delights in them that spea.
The words of truth ; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.
- 6 Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell ;
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lie that children tell.

16 AGAINST QUARRRELLING AND FIGHTING.

- 1 Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.
- 2 But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.
- 3 Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely Child.
- 4 His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man
And God, his Father, too.

WATTS' DIVINE SONGS.

- 5 Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

17 LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

- 1 WHATEVER brawls disturb the street
There should be peace at home ;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
- 2 Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
- 3 Hard names at first, and threat'ning words
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.
- 4 The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another ;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had kill'd his brother.
- 5 The wise will let their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.
- 6 Pardon. O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove ;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

18 AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING NAMES

1 OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men ;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

2 Cross names and angry words require
To be chastised at school ;
And he's in danger of hell fire
That calls his brother "fool."

3 But lips that dare be so profane
To mock, and jeer, and scoff
At holy things, or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

4 When children, in their wanton play,
Served old Elisha so ;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go!"

5 God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

6 Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners e'er so young !
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

**19 AGAINST SWEARING, CURSING, AND
TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.**

1 ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, almighty God !

And devils e down in hell,
Beath the s of thy rod.

- 2 And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name !
And, when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!
- 3 How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such distain,
When thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain ?
- 4 Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ My tongue in heav'n.
- 5 M heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above ;
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear,
That heavenly Father whom I love.
- 6 If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

- 1 HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

- 2 How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.
- 3 In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
- 4 In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be pass'd,
That I may give, for every day,
Some good accoun' at last.

21

AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

- 1 WHY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight ;
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names, and fight ?
- 2 I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears :
I would not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.
- 3 Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go ;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.
- 4 From one rude boy that's used to mock,
They learn the wicked jest :
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

- 5 My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here ;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

22 AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

- 1 WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride ?
The art of dress did ne'er begin
Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin.
- 2 When first she put the covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone ;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.
- 3 How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes and call them rich and new ;
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before!
- 4 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer clothes than I ;
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.
- 5 Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind ;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.
- 6 No more shall worms with me compare,
This is the raiment angels wear ;
The Son of God, when here below,
In this blest apparel too.

WATTS' DIVINE SONGS

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould
It takes no spot, but still refines ;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

- 8 In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heav'n and wear it there;
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

23

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS:

- 1 LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say ;
With rev'rence hear their parents' word,
And with delight obey.
- 2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord
To him that breaks his father's laws,
Or mocks his mother's word ?
- 3 What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.
- 4 But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

24

THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

- 1 WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell
And then forget to pray ?

WATTS' DIVINE SONGS

- 2 What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will ?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still ?
- 3 How senseless is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.
- 4 Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray ;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

25

A MORNING SONG.

- 1 MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise ;
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the earth he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfill
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

26

AN EVENING SONG.

- 1 AND now another day is gone
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.
- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great thoir sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head ;
And through the hour of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morn'ng let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

27

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

- 1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep mine eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?
- 3 To-day, with pleasure, Christians meet
To pray and hear thy word;
And I would go, with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord.

- 4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven :
O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven!

28 FOR THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below.
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before!
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

29 DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

- 1 LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind ;
And love your neighbour as yourself;
Be faithful, just, and kind.
- 2 Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you ;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

WATTS' DIVINE SONGS.

THE SUM OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

WITH all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you ;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. THOU shalt have no more gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain ;
4. Nor dare the Sabbath day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean ;
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean ;
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

THE HOSANNA ;

OR SALVATION ASCRIBED TO CHRIST.

1. HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne ;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.
2. Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage,
Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

WATTS' MORAL SONGS.

1

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard
him complain

"You have waked me too soon, I must
slumber again."

As the door on its hinges, so he, on
his bed,

Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and
his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more
slumber ;"

Thus he wastes half his days, and
hours without number ;

And when he gets up, he sits folding
his hands,

Or walks about sauntering, or trifling
he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the
wild brier,

The thorn, and the thistle, grow broader
and higher.

The clothes that hang on him are turn-
ing to rags,

And his money still wastes, till he
starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to
find

That he took better care for improving
his mind ;

He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating
and drinking,

But he scarce reads the Bible, and never
loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a
 lesson for me;
 This man's but a picture of what I
 might be;
 But thanks to my friends for their
 in my breeding,
 Who taught me betimes to love work-
 ing and reading.

2

INNOCENT PLAY.

Abroad in the meadows, to see the
 young lambs
 Run sporting about by the side of their
 dams,
 With fleeces so clean and so white;
 Or a nest of young doves, in a large
 open cage,
 When they play all in love, without
 anger and rage;
 How much may we learn from the
 sight!
 If we had been ducks, we might dab-
 ble in mud,
 Or dogs, we might play till it ended
 in blood,
 So foul and so fierce are their na-
 tures;
 But Thomas, and William, and such
 pretty names,
 Should be cleanly and harmless as
 doves or as lambs,—
 Those lovely, sweet, innocent crea-
 tures.
 Not a thing that we do, nor a word
 that we say,
 Should injure another, in jesting or
 play,
 For he's still in earnest that's hurt;
 How rude are the boys that throw peb-
 bles and mire!
 There's none but a madman will fling
 about fire,
 And tell you, "'Tis all but in sport."

3

THE ROSE

How fair is the rose! What a beautiful flower,

The glory of April and May;
But the leaves are beginning to fade
In an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue
to boast,

Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine
colors are lost,

Still how sweet a perfume it will
yield!

So frail is youth and the beauty of man,
Though they bloom and look gay like
a rose;

But all our fond care to preserve them
is vain,

Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or
my beauty,

Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing
my duty,—

This will scent like a rose when I'm
dead.

4

THE THIEF.

Why should I deprive my neighbor
Of his goods against his will?

Hands were made for honest labor,
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,

By such tricks to hope for gain;

All that's ever got by thieving

Turns to sorrow, shame and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
 Their sad profit to compute?
 To what dismal state they brought us
 When they stole forbidden fruit!

Oft we see the young beginner
 Practise little pilfering ways,
 Till grown up a harden'd sinner,
 Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
 Though we fancy none can spy;
 When we take a thing forbidden,
 God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
 Lest I covet what's not mine;
 Lest I take what is not given,
 Guard my heart and hands from sin.

5 THE ANT, OR EMMET.

These emmets, how little they are in
 our eyes!

We tread them to dust, and a troop of
 them dies,

Without our regard or concern;

Yet, as wise as we are, if we went
 to their school,

There's many a sluggard and many a
 fool

Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They wear not their time out in sleep-
 ing or play,

But gather up corn on a sunshiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their
 stores.

They manage their work in such regu-
 lar forms,

One would think they foresaw all the
 frosts and the storms,

And so brought their food within
 doors.

But I have less sense than a poor
creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things
I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time;
When death or old age shall once stare
in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end
of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now while my strength and my
youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when
sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven;
Let me read in good books, and be-
lieve, and obey,
That, when death turns me out of this
cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

6

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Though I'm now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every place
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never showing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I'll deserve to feel the same,
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing,
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing?

When I hear them telling lies,
 Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
 First I'll try to make them wise,
 Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean?
 I'll engage the rich to love me
 While I'm modest, neat and clean,
 And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
 I shall meet, I hope, with pity;
 Since I love to help the weak,
 Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
 Nor be easily offended,
 What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
 And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still
 O'er my humors and my passion,
 As to speak and do no ill,
 Though it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
 Ne'er may I be found complying;
 But in life behave so well,
 Not to be afraid of dying.

7

SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been! how
 bright was the sun!

How lovely and joyful the course that
 he run,

Though he rose in a mist when his race
 he begun,

And there followed some droppings of
 rain!

But now the fair traveller comes to the
 west,

His rays are all gold, and his beauties
 are best,

He paints the sky gay as he sinks to
 his rest,

And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course
 he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns
 for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks
 out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way ;
But when he comes nearer to finish
 his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks rich-
 er in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of
 his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

8

THE CRADLE HYMN.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber ;
Holy angels guard thy bed ;
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe—thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide.
And, without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe ! what glorious features.
Spotless, fair, divinely bright—
Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?
How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger
Sinners could to him afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger ?—
Did they thus affront the Lord ?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too
hard;

'Tis thy mother* sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought Him, there they
found Him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing,
Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo! He slumbers in the manger
Where the horned oxen fed!
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
There's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans, and endless crying,
That thy blessed Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear
Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

*Here you may use the word brother, sister, neighbor, etc.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

1 GOD, OUR CREATOR, WHO MADE ALL THINGS.

The God in whom I ever trust
Hath made my body from the dust;
He gave me life; He gave me breath,
And He preserves me still from death.

He made the sun, and gave him light;
He made the moon to shine by night;
He placed the brilliant stars on high,
And leads them through the midnight sky.

He made the earth in order stand,
He made the ocean and the land;
He made the hills their place to know
And gentle rivers round them flow.

He made the forest, and sustains
The grass that clothes the fields and plains;
He sends from heaven the summer showers,
And makes the meadows bright with flowers.

He made the living things; with care
He feeds the wonders of the air;
He gave the beasts their dens and caves,
And fish their dwelling in the waves.

He called all beings into birth
That crowd the ocean, air and earth,
And all in Heaven and earth proclaim
The glory of His holy name.

—W. B. O. Peabody, D.D.

2 LORD, A LITTLE BAND AND LOWLY.

Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great and high and holy,
O how solemn we should be!

Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of Heaven, where He is gone,
And let nothing ever cease us
He would grieve to see us upon.

For we know, the Lord of Glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of your thoughts, and actions, too.

Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to Heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

—Mrs. Shelly.

3 I KEPT THY WORD — Psalms 119: 67.

I Kept Thy Word, Psalm 119, 67.
We won't give up the Bible,

God's holy book of truth;

The blessed staff of hoary age,

The guide of early youth;

The sun that sheds a glorious light

O'er every dreary road;

The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,

And calls us home to God.

We won't give up the Bible,

For pleasure or for pain;

We'll buy the truth and sell it not,

For all that we might gain;

Though man should try and take our
prize,

By guile or cruel might,

We'd suffer all that man could do;

And God defend the right.

We won't give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And with one voice and heart
Resolve, that from God's Sacred Word
We'll never, never part.

—W. M. Whittemore, D.D.

4

EVENING.

Little stars are shining
In the evening sky;
Little hearts are praying
To the God on high.

Little tongues are saying
Holy songs of praise,
Seeking to be strengthened
In God's holy ways.

Little hands are folded
Meekly on each breast,
Asking for a blessing
Ere they go to rest.

Little eyes are sleeping,
Little feet are still;
But God's angel watches o'er all
Who have done His will.

—Julia Leonard.

5

EVENING

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

Jesus, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose;
 With Thy tenderest blessings
 May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee;
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep, blue sea.

Through the long night watches.
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

—S. Baring. Gould.

6

NATURE.

Morn amid the mountain,
 Lovely solitude!
 Gushing streams and fountains
 Murmur "God is good."

Now the glad sun breaking.
 Pours a golden flood;
 Deepest vales awaking
 Echo "God is good"

Hymns of praise are ringing,
 Through the leafy wood;
 Songsters sweetly singing,
 Warble "God is good."

Wake and join the chorus,
 Child with soul endued;
 He whose smile is o'er us,
 God, our God, is good.

—Dr. Lowell, Mason.

7 RESURRECTION MORNING.

On wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.

Your voices raise with one accord,
To bless and praise your risen Lord.

The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, etc.

Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky!
Your voices raise, etc.

Then let your hearts be strong,
For we like Him shall rise,
To dwell with Him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies.
Your voices raise, etc.

—W. W. How, M.A.

8 JESUS AS KING GOING TO JERUSALEM.

When, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
"Hosannah to His name!"
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He bade them all attend Him,
Well pleased to hear their song.

Then, since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And sing a loud hosannah,
To David's royal son.

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannahs raise,
But shall we only tender
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.
—J. King.

9 OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Young children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat,
And I may humbly do the same
Before His mercy seat.
Though now He is not here below,
But on the heavenly hill,
To Him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.
Well pleased these little ones to see,
The dear Redeemer smiled,
O then He will not frown on me,
A poor, unworthy child.
If babes so many years ago,
His tender pity drew,
He will not surely let me go
Without a blessing, too.
Then while His blessing to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do Thou Thy blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.
—Taylor.

10

STORM ON THE LAKE.

Storm on the lake.

A little ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

When, lo! a storm began to rise,
The wind blew loud and strong;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
't blew the waves along.

And all but one were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep,
His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.

"Master, we perish!" "Master save!"
They cried; their Master heard.
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And stilled them with a word.

He to the storm says, "Peace, be
still!"

The raging billows cease;
The mighty winds obey His will,
And all was hushed to peace.

O well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour and our friend,
Whose care of those who tru His
word
Will never, never end.

—D. A. Thrupp.

11

CHRIST BORN IN BETHLEHEM.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold—
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom heaven and earth adore,
 So may we, with willing feet,
 Ever seek Thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare
 So that we, with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, Our Heavenly King.

Holy Jesus! Every day
 Keep us in the narrow way,
 And when earthly joy is past
 Bring our ransomed souls at last,
 Where we need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

—W. Chatterton Dix.

12

AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

And shall we dwell together,
 As children dwell at home,
 And every one be happy,
 And not a sorrow come.

Dark people from the islands,
 Far scattered o'er the sea;
 Pale men from icy deserts
 Too cold for flower or tree.

Yes, all shall dwell together
 That once were far apart,
 All who have served their Father
 With hand and tongue and heart.

Yes, all shall dwell together,
 As children dwell at home,
 And then we shall be happy,
 God's kingdom will have come.
 —Helen Taylor.

13

A BETTER LAND.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day,
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,—
Loud let His praises ring,—
Praise, praise, for aye.
Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
On then to glory run,
Ee a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

—B.

14

WHEN AT OUR LORD'S RIGHT HAND.

When at our Lord's right hand,
Christ's happy band shall stand,
Gathered from every land,
Will all we love be there,
Clad in the robes so fair,
Made for God's saints to wear?
Oh, shall we meet again,
Free from all sin and pain,
Together there to reign?
Lord, let us all be there,
Let us all Thy title bear,
That we one home may share.

—E. Stratford.

15

CHILDHOOD'S YEARS

Childhood's years are passing o'er us,
 Youthful days will soon be gone;
 Cares and sorrows lie before us,
 Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

But may He, who, meek and lowly,
 Visited this vale of woe,
 Make us His, and make us holy,
 Guard and guide us while we go.

Hark! It is the Saviour calling,
 "Little children, follow me."
 Jesus, keep our feet from falling,
 Teach us all to follow Thee.

Soon we part; it may be never,
 Never here to meet again;
 Oh! to live in Heaven together,
 And the crown of life to gain.
 —American.

16

ISRAEL'S SHEPHERD.

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in His arms.

Permit them to approach, He cries,
 Nor scorn their humble name.
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came.

Invited by the voice divine,
 We bring them, Lord, to Thee,
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,—
 Thine let our offspring be.

If orphans, they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust;
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts
 If weeping o'er their dust.

—Dr. Doddridge.

17

TWELVE YEARS OLD.

Twelve years old! then I ought to
know
My Father's the Father in Heaven;
I'm old enough now to know for my-
self
That of such is the Kingdom of Hea-
ven.

Twelve years old! then I ought to see
The work of my Father in Heaven;
That caring for all and doing them
good
Is the work of the Kingdom of Hea-
ven.

Twelve years old! then I ought to help
The work of my Father in Heaven;
In doing good, there's some work for
a child,
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Twelve years old! then I'll pray to-day,
"My Father, my Father in Heaven,
I am Thy child, do Thou help me to
love,
For such is the Kingdom of Heaven."
—R. H. Smith.

18

WILLING CHILDREN.

The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do,
To work for the Lord in His harvest?

Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others,
How then can we seek
To work for our Lord in the harvest?

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

We'll work by our prayer
 By the pennies we bring,
 By small self-denials,—
 The least little thing
 May work for our Lord in His harvest.

Until, by and by,
 As the years pass at length,
 We, too, may be reapers
 And go forth in strength,
 To work for our Lord in the harvest.

19

GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT.

There is a holy dove that sings
 To every Christian child,
 That whispers to its little heart
 A song so sweet and mild;
 God's Holy Spirit is the voice
 That speaks his soul within,
 That leads him on to all things good,
 And holds him back from sin.

And he must love that still, small voice,
 Nor tempt it to depart;
 The spirit great and wonderful,
 That whispers to his heart:
 He must be pure and good and true,
 Must strive and watch and pray;
 For unresisted sin at last
 Will drive that Dove away.

20

HUMILITY

The bird that soars on highest wing
 Builds on the ground his lowly nest,
 And she that doth most sweetly sing
 Sings in the shade when all things
 rest;
 In lark and nightingale we see
 What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose the better part
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet,
And Lydia's gentle, open heart
Was made for God's own temple
meet.

Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's bright-
est crown,

In deepest adoration bends,
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most when His soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility,

—J. Montgomery.

21

JESUS, TENDER SAVIOUR.

Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hast Thou died for me?
Make me very thankful
In my heart to Thee.

When the sad, sad story
Of Thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.

Now I know Thou livest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful,
In my prayers, to Thee.

Soon I hope in glory
At Thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet Thee
In that happy land.

22

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us,
 Much we need Thy tenderest care;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare.
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

We are Thine; do Thou befriend us;
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray,
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Let us early turn to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.
 —Mrs. D. A. Thrupp.

23

LIKE JE US.

When Jesus left His Father's throne,
 He chose an humble birth;
 Like us, unhonored and unknown,
 He came to dwell on earth.

Like Him may we be found below
 In wisdom's path of peace;
 Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow
 As years and strength increase.

Jesus passed by rich and great
For men of low degree;
He sanctified our parents' state,
For poor, like them, was He.

Sweet were His words and kind His
looks,

When mothers round Him pressed;
Their infants in His arms He took
And on His bosom blessed.

Safe from the world's alluring charms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie.

When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around,
For joy they plucked the palms and
strewed
Their garments on the ground.

Hosannah, our glad voices raise,
Hosannah to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise
The stones themselves would sing.

—James Montgomery.

24

REPENTANCE.

Jesus Christ was kindly sent
To save us from our sins;
And kindly teach us to repent
We should at once begin.

'Tis not enough to say,
"We're sorry and repent,"
And still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in truth repent,
By doing so no more.

Lord, make us thus sincere
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

—Ann Taylor.

25

LIKE JESUS.

I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word,
That ever heard Him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met His Father there.

I want to be like Jesus,
I never ever find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O, gentle Saviour, send the grace,
And make me live to Thee.

—W. M. Whittemore, D.D.

26

THE PATH TO GOD

There is a path that leads to God;
All others lead astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of
sin,

And dangers must be passed,
But those who boldly walk therein
Will get to heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread.

While the broad road where thousands
go,

Lies near and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,
And trust His word of old,
"The lambs He'll gather with His arms
And lead them to His fold."

Then I may safely venture through
Beneath my Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heaven in view
Till I shall enter there.

—Jane Taylor.

27

DROPS OF WATER.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Makes the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Makes the mighty ages
Of eternity.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Makes the earth an Eden,
 Like the heaven above.

So our little errors
 Lead the soul away
 From the paths of virtue,
 Into sin to stray.

Little deeds of mercy,
 Sown by youthful hands,
 Grow to bless the nations
 Far in heathen lands.

—Dr. H. C. Brewer.

28

PITY ME.

Thou blessed Jesus, pity me,
 A little pilgrim child;
 Help me to love and follow Thee,
 Unfearing, undefiled.

They say the world is full of sin,
 More full than I can tell;
 Teach me its journey to begin,
 So that I may end it well.

Thou art so kind that I may call
 Thee Father and my Friend;
 So great, Thou knowest, seest all,
 And canst from harm defend.

29

LITTLE HANDS.

O what can little hands do
 To please the King of Heaven?
 The little hands some work may try
 To help the poor in misery,
 Such grace to mine be given.

O what can little lips do
 To please the King of Heaven?
 The little lips can praise and pray,
 And gentle words of kindness say
 Such grace to mine be given.

O what can little eyes do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's Holy Book,
Such grace to mine be given.

O what can little hearts do
To please the King of Heaven?
Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour Friend,
Such grace to mine be given.

Though small is all that we can do,
To please the King of Heaven,
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most gracious in His sight;
Such grace to mine be given.

—Anon.

30

POOR AND NEEDY.

Poor and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me,
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

He will hear me when I pray;
He 's with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake,
For the Lord our Saviour's sake.

He Who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay His head.

Though I labour here a while,
He will bless me with His smile,
And when this short life is past
I shall rest with Him at last.

Then to Him I'll tune my song,
 Happy as the day is long;
 This my joy shall ever be—
 God Almighty cares for me.

—Miss D. A. Thrupp

31

THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

How kind is the Saviour,
 How great is His love,
 To bless little children
 He came from above;
 He left holy angels
 And their bright abode,
 To dwell here with children
 And teach them the road.

He wept in the garden,
 And died on the tree
 To open a fountain
 For sinners like me;
 His blood is that fountain
 Which pardon bestows,
 And cleanses the foulest
 Wherever it flows.

He went back to glory,
 But left us His Word,
 Which oft from our teachers
 And pastors we've heard.
 He sends forth His spirit,
 Our hearts to inflame
 With joy in His service
 And love to His name.

Oh, help us, blest Jesus,
 More sweetly to praise
 And walk in Thy footsteps
 The rest of our days.
 Then raise us, dear Saviour,
 To taste of Thy love,
 And praise Thee for ever
 With children above.

32

GOD'S GOODNESS.

When in the morning I awake
To greet the glorious day,
The pretty flowers, the daisy fields,
And all things bright and gay,

My parents tell me Thy kind hand.
O Lord, hast made them all,
That my bright life and happy hours
From Thy good bounty fall.

Then when the shining sun is hid,
And stormy tempests blow,
When beats the rain on window pane,
And all the flowers lie low,

They tell me that Thy loving will
Permits the storm and rain,
That bye and bye the pretty flowers
Will all be bright again.

So little do I know, O Lord,
I cannot understand
Just now, how joy and sorrow, too,
Come from the same good Hand.

But I will learn, since Thou wilt teach,
For then my life will be
In darkest seasons full of light
That beams, dear Lord, from Thee.

—Charles Smith.

33

JESUS LOVES ME

Jesus loves me, this I know.
Jesus loves me! This I know
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus
loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible
tells me so.

Jesus loves me! He Who died
Heaven's gates to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

—Phillips' Sacred Songster.

34

NEVER FAILS.

One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of friend,
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly free and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood,
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a friend in need.

Oh, for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
And when home our souls are brought
We shall love Thee as we ought.

—J. Newton.

35

HE LOVES ME SO.

I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell;
But I am weak and sinful,
But this I surely know—
The Lord came down to save me
Because He loved me so.

I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

—Mrs. Miller.

36

MY FATHER.

Great God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky.

Art Thou my Father? Can'st Thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to my praise,
That such a feeble one can raise?

Art Thou my Father ? Let me be
 A meek, obedient child to Thee,
 And try in deed and word and thought,
 To serve and please Thee as I ought.

Art Thou my Father ? I'll depend
 Upon the care of such a Friend,
 And only wish to do and be
 Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art Thou my Father ? Then at last
 When all my days are past,
 Send down and take me in Thy love,
 To be Thy better child above.

—Jane Taylor.

37

JESUS OUR SHEPHERD.

Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every
 tear,
 Folded in His bosom, what have we
 to fear ?
 Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
 To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd; may we know
 His voice,
 How its gentle whisper makes our
 heart rejoice !
 Even when He chideth, tender is His
 tone;
 None but He shall guide us; we are
 His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep
 He bled;
 Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood
 He shed;
 Then on each He setteth His own sec-
 ret sign;
 They that have His spirit, these, saith
 He, are Mine.

Jesus is our Shepherd ; guarded by His
arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can
do us harm ;
When we tread death's valley, dark
with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the
tomb.

—Hugh Stowell.

38

JESUS OUR COMFORTER.

If I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad ;
He will give me pleasure,
When my heart is sad.

Chorus—

If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be ;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer ;
He will love me dearly,
He my sins did bear.

—Chorus.

If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

—Chorus.

There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.

—Chorus.

—American Sacred Songster.

39

TEACH US TO PRAY.

Teach us to pray.

I often say my prayers,

But do I ever pray?

And do the wishes of my heart

Go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.

Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me ask Thee for Thy grace,
Not feeling what I say.

John Burton.

40

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

I am Jesus' little friend,
On His mercy I depend
I try to please Him ever,
Grieve His spirit never,
How very good to me
All my Saviour always be;
I am Jesus' little friend,
On His mercy I depend.

He is with me all the day,
With me in my busy play;
O'er my waking and my sleeping
Jesus still a watch is keeping.
I can lay me down to rest
Sweetly p'lowed on His breast.
I am Jesus' little friend,
On His mercy I depend.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

59

I am Jesus' little friend,
On His mercy I depend.
Jesus will forsake me never;
He will keep me safe for ever;
How I wish my heart could be
Like my Saviour, more like Thee.
I am Jesus' little friend,
On His mercy I depend.



Children's Scripture Books in 5 languages. A variety of tracts in English and French sold at International Colportage Mission, 202 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

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